Vol. II. **LITERARY TABLET.** No. XVI.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE CATERER—N°. II.

Mr. Orlando,

FROM the manuſcripts which our friend left in his trunk, it appears that Shakſpeare was a favorite bard with him. There are found innumerable extracts from his tragedies, of which ſome ſeem to be made for their own intrinſic merits, and others quoted merely to illuſtrate an opinion, or embelliſh a thought. On one ſheet he has given his opinion of the merits of Shakſpeare. Whether this be the reſult of a careful and judicious peruſal of his writings, or the mere retailed remarks of his numerous critics, muſt be left to the determination of thoſe, who with an intuitive glance detect plagiariſm, in all her multiplicity of forms, and in all the variety of her artificial diſguiſes. As I have undertaken to *cater* for the entertainment of your readers, I ſhall tranſcribe a few of theſe extracts, with his remarks, and ſhould they prove pleaſant and ſavoury to their palates, I ſhall conſider myſelf not the leaſt fortunate on the catalogue of confectioners.

The poet, whoſe ſoul is tenderly alive to all the impreſſions of nature, whoſe conceptions are ſtrong and vivid, and whoſe deſcriptions are rapturous and glowing, is finely depicted by Shakſpeare. He had only to give a tranſcript of himſelf, and the picture was perfect.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Among the many excellences, which characterize Shakſpeare, no one is more prominent than his power of deſcription. Of all the Engliſh poets he has had the ſingular happineſs to deſcribe, with equal life and accuracy, the face of external nature and the operations of the human intellect. It is ſaid that Landſcape painters take their beſt deſigns from reading one of his pictureſque deſcriptions, and it has grown into a maxim with critical and metaphyſical writers, that "Nature ſays ſo," becauſe Shakſpeare does. But it ſeems deſtined that the career of the human mind ſhould not be illimitable; that the ſtrongeſt intellect ſhould often be reminded of its imbecility.—Newton found phenomena, for which he could not account; Locke, difficulties he could not ſolve; and probably Shakſpeare ſomething, which he could not deſcribe. We fancy the moſt difficult thing, in deſcription, that he ever attempted, was a bad poet. It has been tho't that this *thing*, like electricity, could be known only by its effects; the latter producing death, and the former what is moſt like to it—ſleep. If Shakſpeare has not been perfectly happy in drawing this portrait, he has failed only where a man of genius can never ſucceed. On this ſubject genius muſt acknowledge her inferiority; for a bad poet will better deſcribe himſelf, in two lines, than a good one can in ſo many thouſands. Read through the whole of the Dunciad, and you ſhall not have ſo good an idea of him, as Sir Richard Blackmore gives you in a ſingle diſtich; when his

"Lion growls and looks ſo wondrous grim,
That his own ſhadow dares not follow him."

Or when the Epic poet declares that,

"Dalhouſy, the *great god* of wars,
Was Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mars."

However lifeleſs and inadequate his deſcription may be, we really think it worth the careful peruſal of every one, who endeavors

"To ſtrain from hard-bound brains eight lines a year."

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre-ballad mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on its axle-tree;
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag."

Had Shakſpeare lived in this age, he might have continued his catalogue of preferences, and ſaid, I had rather hear a demagogue talk of patriotiſm, or a Sophomore harangue upon the beauties and ſublimity of Homer.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Remedy for a Burn or Scald.

MANY perſons upon experiencing a burn or ſcald, are at a loſs what remedy to apply. But moſt families have or may have the firſt remedy at hand.

When a burn or a ſcald has taken place, ſo much allum ſhould be diſſolved in water, as to render the water conſiderably ſtrong of the allum. This being done, a linen cloth ſhould be dipped in the allum water, that has the cold taken off, if it be in the winter ſeaſon, and barely taken off if it be in the ſummer.

When the cloth is thus dipped and well moiſtened, it ſhould be ſpread over all the part that is burnt or ſcalded, where it ſhould remain till a ſteam from the cloth begins to ariſe and the pain begins to increaſe, *then* the cloth muſt be taken off—again wet in the ſolution and reapplied as before.

In purſuing this method of wetting the cloth as often as the ſteam begins to ariſe and repeating it, it will be but a few hours before the burned or ſcalded part will be free from the fire, as it is called, and prepared for healing. But if it is found, that taking off the cloth from the part affected increaſes the pain, it may remain on, while another cloth wet in the above mentioned ſolution, may be applied over it.

It is not the deſign of him who gives this ſhort information, to preſcribe the after proceſs to be purſued in caſe of burns and ſcalds; for, in many inſtances, it is eſſentially neceſſary that a ſurgeon ſhould be called, but only to inform of the firſt method, which ought to be purſued in the firſt proceſs, before there is time generally to call in the aid of a ſurgeon.

LASSAN.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUTHER THE REFORMER.

THE ſubſtance of this Paper is taken from the "Life of Luther," preſixed to his commentaries. The writer wiſhes to bring into a ſmaller compaſs, what, in that volume, occupies a number of pages. He claims no merit, but that of an honeſt epitomiſt. Several unintereſting anecdotes, and barefaced falſities, wrought in the forge of papal malevolence, are here, intentionally, omitted. But, although the writer has excluded trivial incidents, he has endeavored to relate every important occurrence in the life of this juſtly celebrated man.

Martin Luther was a native of Saxony, and born in 1483. His parents, though indigent, gave him a liberal education; and he, while in pupilage, diſplayed numberleſs tokens of a ſtrong and penetrating genius. His mind was naturally ſuſceptible of ſerious impreſſions, and a little tinctured with that religigious melancholy, which delights in the ſolitude and devotion of monaſtic life. He, therefore, entered a convent of Auguſtinian friars, where he acquired great reputation, both for piety, and unwearied application to ſtudy. He was well verſed in the learning of his day, and eſpecially in ſcholaſtic philoſophy. In ſearching the library of his monaſtery, he found a long-neglected copy of the bible, and applied himſelf to the ſtudy of it, with ſuch hungry aſſiduity, as aſtoniſhed the idle monks of his cloiſter.—This raiſed his fame to ſuch a degree, that he was immediately choſen profeſſor, firſt of philoſophy, and afterwards, of theology in the univerſity at Wittemberg. While Luther was enjoying the higheſt reputation for piety and literature, Tetzel, a Dominican friar, came to Wittemberg to publiſh indulgences. The reformer ſaw his ſucceſs with concern. Having decried indulgences from the pulpit, he publiſhed 95 theſes, containing his ſentiments on that ſpecies of iniquity. To theſe he ſubjoined the moſt ſolemn proteſtations of reſpect, and ſubmiſſion to the apoſtolic ſee. His theſes ſpread over Germany with ſurpriſing rapidity, and were read with eagerneſs. He propoſed them as matters of inquiry and diſputation, and expected to find oppoſition. He was not long diſappointed. A hoſt of champions aroſe to vindicate thoſe opinions, which brought immenſe wealth and power into the hands of a degenerate clergy. They did not, however, promote their cauſe; for the people now began to queſtion the authority of the canon law, and even of the pope himſelf. The court of Rome, at firſt, deſpiſed theſe new doctrines and

diſputes ; but at length, the ſovereign pontiff, rouſed by the ſucceſs of truth, and the ſolicitations of Luther's enemies, ſummoned the reformer to appear at Rome within ſixty days and anſwer for his conduct before the auditor of the chamber. Prierias, Luther's open adverſary, was appointed to examine his doctrines, and decide concerning them. The pope wrote to Frederick, the elector of Saxony, deſiring him not to protect a man, whoſe heretical and profane tenets were ſo offenſive to *pious* ears ; and he commanded the Auguſtinians to check the authority of one, who brought diſgrace on their order, and diſquiet to the whole church.

Luther could well predict what ſentence he would receive at Rome from the tribunal of an avowed foe, and therefore earneſtly requeſted that his cauſe might be tried in Germany. He wrote a ſubmiſſive letter to the pope, the divine origin of whoſe authority he had not yet begun to doubt, and promiſed complete obedience. By this letter, and the interceſſion of his friends, his requeſt was granted, and Cajetan, the pope's legate in Germany, was appointed to be his judge. Luther appeared before him at Augſburg ; but Cajetan, thinking it would wound his dignity to diſpute, publicly, with a man ſo much his inferior in rank, made known his apoſtolic powers, and with overbearing inſolence, commanded Luther to retract the errors he had uttered, relative to indulgences, and the nature of faith ; and to abſtain in future from publiſhing new and dangerous doctrines.

This haughty manner of procedure, alarmed the reformer's friends, and convinced them, that the imperial ſafeguard, with which he was favored, would not be able to protect him from Cajetan's reſentment. They therefore urged him to retire ſecretly from the legate's partial bar, and return to his own country. He complied. But Cajetan, enraged at his abrupt departure, wrote to the elector, requiring him, as he regarded the peace of the church, or its ſovereign head, to ſend this ſeditious monk a priſoner to Rome, or baniſh him from his dominions.

Frederick had hitherto protected him from political motives, hoping he would ſerve to check the overgrown power of the papal ſee ; but, though his fame reſounded far and wide, he had never yet admitted him into his preſence. The elector had founded the univerſity in which Luther was a diſtinguiſhed profeſſor, and he wiſhed for his ſafety, merely to advance the utility, and reputation of his literary eſtabliſhment.

The reformer's ſituation became daily more dangerous. He knew the motives, which induced Frederick to afford him protection, and that he could not depend on a continuance of his friendſhip. Were he obliged to quit Saxony, he muſt, unſhielded, meet the rage, bigotry and relentleſs vengeance of his foes.

Luther, though ſurrounded with difficulties, continued to urge on his mighty work with unabated ardor. He confided in heaven and feared not the thunders of papal *omnipotence*.—Convinced that the pope would ſoon take the moſt violent meaſures againſt him, he appealed to a general council, which, he affirmed, was the repreſentative of the church, and ſuperior to the pope, who, like St. Peter his predeceſſor, was but a fallible man. A bull was iſſued prior to the date of Luther's appeal, in which the pontiff extolled the virtues of indulgences, and ſubjected to his heavieſt cenſures all, who preſumed to teach contrary doctrines. This might have been fatal to Luther's cauſe, had not the emperor's death given affairs a different turn. The vicariſhip of that part of Germany, which is governed by Saxon laws now devolved to the elector of Saxony, under whoſe mild adminiſtration, Luther enjoyed perfect tranquility in ſpreading his opinions. Beſides, the election of a new emperor was a ſubject more intereſting to the ſovereign pontiff than a theological controverſy. He wiſhed too, to preſerve the favor of Frederic, who had great influence in the electoral college, and therefore deferred pronouncing ſentence of excommunication againſt Luther, though his enemies often demanded it, with the moſt clamorous importunity.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

"Some ſtrain in rhyme ; the Muſes on the racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks."

GOOD poets have ever been eſteemed by the wiſe and liberal, as patrons of ſcience, protectors of virtue, and advancers of the public good. In early periods, the votaries of poeſy were regarded and honored, even more than at the preſent day ; and a title to a rank among the contenders for poetic fame would almoſt warrant one univerſal love and admiration.

ORPHEUS—"whoſe harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to ſoft woe, made all the mountains weep,"

was celebrated and revered even as a deity.—His full-flowing numbers, like thoſe of every other *poet*, heightened joy, allayed grief, ſoothed the paſſions, and breathed life and animation even into dullneſs itſelf. His charm is reported, in the tale of fancy, to have made the tyger forget his fierceneſs, hills and trees looſen from their foundation, and nature herſelf, ſuſceptible of feeling.

Homer is conſidered, with propriety, the father of poetry. The immortal Iliad has already withſtood the ruſt and the criticiſm of ages, and has deſcended unſullied to the preſent day ; and notwithſtanding the cuſtoms and manners of times, ſo vaſtly remote, yet the works of a Homer are not only admired as productions of fancy, but as examples of ſublimity and elegance. Their own ſtrength ſupports them ; they invigorate as time decays, and increaſe their original ſplendor, as they deſcend to future years. But ſure it is, that *all* are not Homers, and happy would it be, could we convince mankind, more eſpecially a certain claſs of them, of this important truth. I here have reference to thoſe beings, whom nature never intended ſhould march in any of her front ranks ; who have, nevertheleſs, attempted to break over this, and every other barrier, and have endeavored, by the crazy lines of a crazy head, to introduce themſelves into our notice and eſteem.

From the well known celebrity of genuine poets, theſe ſtriplings of genius, who cannot poſſibly riſe by any honorable means, have had the folly to attempt it, by palming upon the world their witleſs effuſions. But bad poets are merely known to be deſpiſed. They may dabble in the mud at the foot of Parnaſſus, but can never drink at the pure ſtream of Helicon. They may creep within the bounds that nature has ſet them, but if they attempt to ſoar higher, their ruin is certain.

If the deſign of bad poets is to immortalize their names, it has ever failed them ; for with their firſt attempt they received their death wound ; and if they are ever named on the page of hiſtory, they are mentioned for the ſame purpoſe as the murderer or robber, not to be honored, but diſgraced. In the preſent age, for thoſe of former ages have carried their names along with them to the grave, poetaſters have proved both numerous and troubleſome ; and wherever there has appeared one great genius, there have been many poor ones to attend him.

In Shakeſpear's time, they were far from being unknown, and in the days of Pope, they were even more numerous than ever. On the appearance of the "Eſſay on Criticiſm," "Eſſay on Man," and many other well-known paragons of excellence, the flood-gate of pollution, malignity, and ignorance was let looſe at once ;—but with what effect, we may all readily determine,—ſince Pope has *lived*, and his oppoſers have *died*.

The *Purſuits of Literature*, a celebrated ſatirical poem, which breaths through all its numbers, the warmeſt patriotiſm, love of liberty and juſtice, from the nature of the work, could not eſcape the vindictive remarks of many unknowing ſcribblers. But their ſhafts, long before they reached their object, fell pointleſs and without effect ; and he, whoſe ruin was vainly attempted, is regarded with reſpect, and ſhines with renewed luſtre.

In our own country, but few "*poetico-proſaic*" writers have yet had opportunity to appear in public ; and from the general contempt with which they have been treated, we are at leaſt flattered with a diſtant hope, that in future periods they will confine their productions to thoſe who gave them birth. How happy would it be, were all our poetic writers, either Homers, Virgils, Miltons, or Popes.

We might then be continually wrapt in the charm of numbers, without ſatiety or diſguſt ; we might riſe with the enlivening ſublime, or ſink with the ſolemn and pathetic.

But ſuch a period as this can never be expected, until mankind will judge candidly of their own abilities, until they will relinquiſh thoſe pretended claims, which nature and art have never given them, and until they believe and practice in that excellent remark of Cicero, "*Poeta nacitur, non fit.*" HIRAM.

IMPROMPTU

On receiving a letter in bad Blank Verſe.

YOU ſent me what you call blank verſe—
The very name you've hit ;
For blank, indeed, it really is
Of either ſenſe or wit.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Books for the Student in Divinity.

(Taken from a note in the "Purſuits of Literature.")

IF the reader is diſpoſed to attend to the humble ſuggeſtions of a very private layman on the ſubject of divinity, I think he would find great advantage, in *ſtudying and conſidering* the following works *in Engliſh*, (which are very few in number) *and in the order* in which they are arranged. 1. The View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, by Soame Jenyns, Eſquire. 2. The evidences of Chriſtianity in three parts, by W. Paley, D. D. 3. Grotius on the truth of the Chriſtian Religion, in *any* tranſlation. 4. The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, by Dr. Samuel Clarke. 5. Mr. Locke's Reaſonableneſs of Chriſtianity, particularly the latter part of the tract. 6. Biſhop Hurd's Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies. 7. Lord Lyttleton's Diſſertation on the Converſion of St. Paul, and 8. Dr. Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the conſtitution and courſe of nature.—*From theſe few volumes*, if they are ſtudied with care and an upright intention, I think it may be ſaid, that "They ſhall ſee, to whom HE was not (before) ſpoken of; and they that have not (before) heard, ſhall underſtand." Theſe volumes are the works of laymen as well as of divines; and if I am not miſtaken, I think I perceive the following connection in the ſhort plan which I have offered.—Mr. JENYNS's View prepares the mind to think worthily of the Religion which is propoſed, and demonſtrates that there is the higheſt reaſon to think and conclude, that its origin is from above, and not from man. Dr. PALEY's View of the ſubject diſplays, confirms, and eſtabliſhes the *direct* hiſtorical evidence and proof, with all the plainneſs and candor of which it is capable, and independent of the particular tenets of *any* church or ſect. GROTIUS and Dr. CLARKE preſent to us the faith, doctrine and evidence in form of propoſitions, with ample and learned illuſtrations, with force of reaſoning, and with logical preciſion. Mr. Locke has been peculiarly happy in repreſenting the conſonance of the Chriſtian doctrine to reaſon properly underſtood, and its neceſſity from the defects of all philoſophy however diſtinguiſhed. *Biſhop* HURD, with the hand of a maſter, has opened the general View of the ſubject of prophecy, and freed it from the intricacies of ſpeculation, and ſhewn its time, nature, end, and intent. LORD LITTLETON has diſcuſſed the moſt illuſtrious inſtance of the converſion to this religion, in the perſon of St. Paul, a man of the higheſt natural talents, and profoundeſt reaſoning and erudition; and he has accompanied the whole with remarks of weight and dignity on the general ſubject of Revelation. And *laſt*, to a mind diſpoſed to view with calmneſs, humility and reverence, *the whole ſyſtem of Providence* as far as it is permitted to man to view "THE WORK WHICH GOD WORKETH FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END," Dr. BUTLER has unfolded the Analogy or *relation* of the Courſe of Nature to religion, by which all things are found to proceed in harmony from HIM who hath made nothing imperfect. I think this great performance of Butler has peculiar force when it is conſidered *in the concluſion* of our religious reſearches, and not as part of the *original* proof.—I ſpeak merely my own ſentiments to thoſe who have not much time or leiſure for deep ſtudy, (but we are all bound to find ſome time for this ſubject,) and I ſpeak in ſubmiſſion to ſcholars better informed than myſelf.—Reader, whoever thou art, if thou ſhouldſt approve theſe *introductory* ideas to this great ſubject, inexhauſted as it is and inexhauſtible, prepare thyſelf, thy underſtanding, and thy affections. "*Te quoque dignum finge* DEO!"

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

IN a paper preſented to the Agricultural ſociety of the department of Vienne, by M. SIAUVE, a method is ſuggeſted for the purification of water uſed for domeſtic purpoſes, and for the ſeparation of thoſe particles of ſelenite, to which are owing the incruſtations on tea-kettles, and other utenſils. This method is extremely ſimple, and conſiſts in placing horizontally, in the middle of a common water-butt, a falſe bottom perforated with a great number of ſmall holes. The butt being thus divided into two equal parts, the upper is filled with pieces of charcoal, which muſt neither be too large nor too ſmall, thoroughly burned, light and well-waſhed. Immediately under the cock, by which the water enters the butt, muſt be placed a ſmall hollow cylinder, capable of holding one or two quarts, and perforated with ſeveral holes at the lower extremity. The uſe of this cylinder, being merely to break the force of the water, and prevent it from falling upon the charcoal with ſuch violence as to detach from it any particles of dirt, and waſh them through into the lower receptacle, it is of little conſequence of what material it is made. The water thus filtered into the lower diviſion of the butt, will always be perfectly limpid and ſalubrious.—M. Siauve thinks that this contrivance might be made ſubſervient to the intereſts of agriculture, as well as domeſtic economy; and that it would be highly advantageous to provide water thus filtered for the cattle, during the whole of the dog-days, and particularly when the ponds and ſtreams are infected by the rotting of hemp and flax. [*Rich. Enquirer.*

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.—N°. I.

MR. ORLANDO,

I ſend you ſeveral trifling ſcraps, extracted from various authors. If you think they will *innocently* amuſe any of your readers, pleaſe to give them a place among your ſelected compoſitions.

In the collection of Roman Catholic bulls there is a remarkable one of Pope Urban VIII. againſt the uſe of tobacco. By this, all perſons, who took ſnuff, were excommunicated.

Some of the wiſe Rabinical writers affirm, that Adam was created in a form, partaking of both ſexes; that is, with Eve attached to his ſhoulders. [*More hereafter.*]

RELIGION.

RELIGION is the only balm for a wounde ſpirit. It is the only ſure ſtaff for the weat traveller through this wilderneſs of miſery an ſin. What an inexpreſſible grace does it thro over the countenance and actions of its ſince votaries? It purifies, it adorns, it ennobles ou nature. By it we are lifted far above the litt conſiderations of an exiſtence, ſhort as the wi ter twilight, and unimportant as the faint v ion of a diſtant ſtar. We are led by its infl ence to contemplate "the firſt good, firſt pe fect, and firſt fair;" and as without the aid a teleſcope the ſhipwrecked ſailor could neve diſcern in the far-off horizon the veſſel that to bring him relief, but might abandon himſe to deſpair; ſo without religion, man's view would be confined to a narrow circle of melan choly incidents and thoughts; and he migh reſign his mind to the dreadful idea, that th earth was his only home, and that death wa an eternal ſleep. But now he ſoars in the cer tainty to other worlds of endleſs duration, wher he ſhall join his parents and his friends in th preſence of a common God.

ORDAINED]—At St. Albans, (Vt.) th Rev. *Jonathan Nye.*

MARRIED,

In Woodſtock, (Vt.) Mr. Thomas Randall to Miſs Hannah Field.

At Rockingham, (Ver.) Mr. Joſeph Weed to Miſs Deborah Houſe.

In Caſtleton, Vt. Rev. Mr. Boiſe, of Tin mouth, to Miſs Caroline Cogſwell.

"*What equals this?*
"*In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!*
"*To ſmile at death, and long to be diſſolv'd!*
"*From our decays a pleaſure to receive!*
"*And kindle into tranſport at a grave!*"

DIED,

In England, the Moſt Rev. Father in God Dr. John Moore, Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, aged 75. He is ſucceeded in his office by Dr. Sutton, late biſhop of Norwich.

In Marietta, Ohio, Rev. Daniel Story, formerly of Boſton, aged 47.

At Dracut, Dr. Ebenezer Varnum, aged 38.

In Walden, of the dropſy, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilman; within three years ſhe has been tapped 13 times, and 70 gallons of water extracted.

In Hinſdale, Dr. Richard Starr, aged 87.

In Waſhington, (N. H.) Mr. Simeon Farnſworth, aged 89; leaving a wife, 10 children 68 grand-children, and 46 gr. gr. ch. making 124 in all; of whom 56 attended his funeral.

In Weſtminſter, (Vt.) Mrs. Margaret Wall, wife of Patrick Wall, Eſq. aged 68.

In Grafton, Maſs Capt. Noah Brooks, aged 99, and Sarah, his wife, aged 87—had been married 70 years.

In Portſmouth, Stephen Chaſe, Eſq. æt. 61.

In Boſton, Capt. Benjamin Hammatt, æt. 93.—In Woodſtock, Con. Mrs. Morſe, mother of the Rev. Dr. Morſe, of Charleſtown, in the 81ſt year of her age.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER.

ROPITIOUS heaven ! O lend an ear,
nd grant an anſwer to my prayer ;
o, here I come with due ſubmiſſion,
nd humbly offer my petition—
aſk not riches, wealth or fame ;
heſe all are trifles, light and vain ;
ot ſplendid dreſs, or rich attire,
Tis none of theſe I moſt admire.
Iy prayer is ſhort ; O grant it then ;
Tis but a word—*give me a man.*

or would I wiſh to pick and chuſe,
Him, who is ſent, I'll not refuſe.
's not the gay, the rich, the brave,
he hero, beau, or parſon grave ;
'd be content, I'm ſure I can,
With any *honeſt, clever* man.

Iy beauty's gone, my bloom decays,
ncreaſing wrinkles ſpoil my face ;
Iy languid cheeks grow pale and wan,
Iow can I live without a man !

Vhen vernal bloom adorn'd my frame
And ev'ry tongue pronounc'd my fame,
o me gay ſuitors made their court,
ut none could move my haughty heart.
e happy days ! how are ye paſt !
And I am left a maid at laſt ;
And juſtly too ; for I've neglected
Thoſe, whom I ought to have reſpected.
orgive me, heaven ; my tears ſhall tell
What ſorrows in my heart I feel ;
View with propitious eye my grief,
And ſend a *man* to my relief.

HANTONIA.

[The enſuing elegant lines were dictated o a gentleman, while member of Yale Col- ege, by a Mr. Gay, ſon of the celebrated Eng- iſh Fabuliſt. The author received a liberal ducation, but on account of the treatment his ather experienced from the Britiſh govern- ment, he abandoned his native country and pent ſeveral years in travelling. He called on Mr. T. from whom this ſcrap was lately ob- tained, and requeſted the aſſiſtance of charity. Mr. T. finding he poſſeſſed, not only poverty, but various other marks of a poet, propoſed to him as a ſubject for the exerciſe of his genius, a young lady who was then preſent. He ac- cepted the ſubject and immediately delivered the following proof of his poetic abilities.]

IMPROMPTU.

When the fam'd Amazonian Queen return'd
From ſlaughter, earth the fatal havoc mourn'd.
The Trojan ſands, diſtain'd with human gore,
Have ſince that moment been empurpl'd o'er ;
Not more than you to human race a foe,
All hearts ſhed purple, whereſoe'er you go ;
You more than ſhe, the enmity maintain,
For where ſhe ſlaughter'd one, youv'e murder'd ten ;
The difference this, ſhe ſlew by force of arms,
You, by a multiplicity of charms.

SELECTED POETRY.

ON A SPANIEL CALLED BEAU, KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.—*By Wm. Cowper, Eſq.*

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
Well-fed, and at his eaſe,
Should wiſer be, than to purſue
Each trifle that he ſees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to-day,
Againſt my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill, that you might eat,
And eaſe a doggiſh pain,
For him, though chas'd with furious heat,
You left, where he was ſlain.

Nor was he of the theiviſh ſort,
Or one, whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his ſport,
Whom you have torn for yours.

My Dog ! what remedy remains,
Since teach you all I can,
I ſee you, after all my pains,
So much reſemble Man ?

BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR ! when I flew to ſeize the Bird,
In ſpite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withſtand :

You cried—"Forbear"——but in my breaſt
A mightier cried—"Proceed !"
'Twas nature, Sir, whoſe ſtrong beheſt
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I reſpect,
I ventur'd once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your ſake :

And when your Linnet on a day,
Paſſing his priſon door,
Had flutter'd all his ſtrength away,
And panting preſs'd the floor ;

Well knowing him a ſacred thing,
Not deſtin'd to my tooth,
I only kiſs'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd his feathers ſmooth.

Let my obedience then excuſe
My diſobedience now !
Nor ſome reproof yourſelf refuſe
From your aggriev'd bow-wow !

If killing Birds be ſuch a crime,
(Which I can hardly ſee)
What think you, Sir, of killing Time
With verſe addreſs'd to me ?

THE BITER BIT.

CUPID, the ſlyeſt rogue alive,
One day was plund'ring of an hive ;
But as with too eager haſte
He ſtrove the liquid ſweets to taſte,
A *bee* ſurpriz'd the heedleſs boy,
Stung him and daſh'd th' expected joy.
The urchin, when he felt the ſmart
Of the invenom'd angry dart,
He kick'd, he flung, he ſpurn'd the ground,
He blow'd and then he chaf'd the wound.
He blow'd and chaf'd the wound in vain ;
The rubbing ſtill increas'd the pain.
Quick to his mother's lap he hies,
With ſwelling cheeks, and blubber'd eyes.
Cries ſhe, "What does my *Cupid* ail ?"
When thus he told his mournful tale :
"A little bird they call a bee,
"With yellow wings, ſee, mother, ſee,
"How it has gor'd and wounded me."
"And are not you," replied his mother,
"For all the world juſt ſuch another,
"Juſt ſuch another peeviſh thing,
"Alike in bulk, alike in ſting ?
"For when you aim a poiſonous dart
"Againſt ſome poor unwary heart,
"How little is the archer found,
"But then how wide and deep the wound !"

From an old Centinel.

ON A PUDDING.

ROTUND, or oval, in whatever form,
My jocund eyes thy pleaſing preſence meet,
Hail, bounteous pudding ! hot, or cold, all hail !
Whether my blue-eyed Kate, with lilly hand,
In ſimple neatneſs eminent, whoſe ſmile
Is love ineffable, into thy lap,
Infuſeth ſtore of eggs, and ſpicy ſweets,
Whoſe fragrance is inferior to herſelf ;
Or whether Joan, in woolly veſtments clad,
Dwelling in ſtraw-thatcht cot, with buſy glee,
Thy compoſition kneads, and fills thy cave
With golden pomes profuſe, or leaves thee coarſe,
Of ſuet, butter and aught elſe devoid,
Tending to flavour, ſerved in wooden bowl,
Oh ! welcome thou, mine appetite's beſt gueſt ;
Whether the oven's heat embrowns thy cruſt,
With ſugar froſted, crumbling at the touch,
Or whether thou, in ragged clout enwrapt,
Haſt felt the boiling tempeſt of the pot.
But chiefly come, and deck my humble cloth
With all the rich magnificence of plumbs,
Arrayed moſt gorgeouſly, whilſt down thy ſides
Hot melted butter rolls its golden wave,
As amorous of thy charms. Here might the ſons
Of luxury deprav'd look on with eyes
That envied while they gazed. Give me but this,
And let the bloated alderman devour
Turtle, that boaſts diverſity of food,
And rareſt dainties, ſtill more dainty made,
By being tortur'd from their native taſte,
I ſhall not grudge their feaſt. Be pudding mine
And I can paſs yon celebrated ſtall,
Where the firm ſalmon tempts the eye
Of ſtopping paſſengers, and where the trout,
And ruddy brawn lie ſwelling on the ſight,
"Nor caſt one longing, lingering look behind."

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